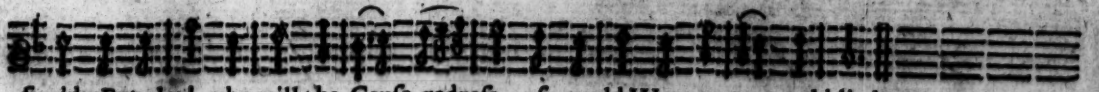
A SONG.

As I walk'd by an Hof--pi---tal, I heard an old Woman cry; If *Jove* would be so kind to

me once more before I dye, as let me to enjoy the Bliss which Nature hath de-



sign'd: But alas! who will the Cause redress, of an old Woman poor and blind.

II.

Now I have been a Widdow
These five and forty years,
Both night and day I beg and pray,
With many a bitter tear,
That *Jove* would be but pleas'd to grant,
What Nature hath design'd
To chear the Hearts of those in want,
As old Women poor and blind.

III.

But why should I torment my self,
For what I cannot gain,
Since day nor night brings no delight.
But misery and pain:
Or why should I rejected be,
Since none will be so kind
As for to do a courtesie
For an old Woman poor and blind.

IV.

A young man hearing her complain,
Returned this reply,
What will you give me, good Woman, said he,
And I'le smuggle you handsomely;
In troth kind Sir, nothing I have
That I will thee deny,
If thou wilt be but pleas'd to grant
To do me this courtesie.

V.

Oh here is forty Shillings,
That's all the Money I have,
I am but poor, and have no more,
To carry me to my Grave;
And if thou wilt take it in part
Of being to me kind,
The Gods above be thy reward,
For an old Woman poor and blind.

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